

PARROTS' LAST WORDS.

It has been left to Professor Wragge, now on a visit to London from the Wisconsin Laboratory of Biology and Research, to explore what is, even at this late date in the world's history, an entirely new subject of investigation. Many persons have interested themselves in the powers of speech of parrots; but the Professor specialises wholly in their dying remarks; and he is in England at this moment to collect at first hand data from parrot-owners for his forthcoming monograph.

As Mr. *Punch's* representative, I found him at an hotel conveniently near Leadenhall Market, whither he goes every morning in the hope of conversing with sailors and others who bring their birds to that place to be sold.

"Yes," he said, "it is a profoundly absorbing study. The parrot in ordinary life, full of health and vigour, is something of a problem: he seems to come in his intelligence and critical acumen midway betwixt man and bird. There is something uncanny about him, but there is nothing that moves the feelings. One contemplates him with admiration and perplexity, even wonder, but never with sympathy. One's emotions are untouched. Is it not so?"

"Quite," I said.

"But," continued the Professor, "later, when his faculties are dimming, when he nears the moment of dissolution, the parrot can strike a deeper note. Ah, my dear Sir, I assure you some of the things said by parrots then would bring a lump into your throat. And not only are they pathetic—they are inspired too. Glimpses of truth! Most remarkable!"

"Do the birds always know they are going to die?" I asked.

"Not always," he replied. "Sudden death may come to a parrot as to any of us. A choking fit. A cat overturning the cage. Last words in such a case would have less value. They might be expressive merely of rage or alarm. But when the end comes slowly—when they have had time to realise what it means—the loss of everything held dear, the cage, the perch, the parrot food, the master's or mistress's stroking fingers, the opportunities for free and caustic comment—it is then that they say their best things. Let me read you a few."

He drew from his pocket a bundle of letters and selected half-a-dozen.

"Here is a letter from a lady at Chislehurst. The parrot, after living with her for fifteen years, died. Its last words, unfortunately extremely indistinct, were either, she tells me, 'Good-bye, old friend,' or 'What's the time?' But the lady strongly inclines to the former. And so, I may add, do I."

"Another parrot owner, a clergyman, also living in Kent, whose bird had been destitute of feathers for three years before it died, distinctly remarked, 'Now for some warmth at last.' This the reverend gentleman testifies to."

have talked," the Professor went on, "have told me strange things. Not always quite printable, I fear—you know what sailors are—but very illuminating—very. Parrots who after long lives spent in the fullest and most painfully candid expression of their innermost thoughts soften towards the end into sober if not pious taciturnity. One in particular I recall who, noted for his consistently dazzling and inopportune profanity—often interrupting prayers by a phrase so lurid as to warp the mast (the sailor assured me)—uttered quietly, just before he died, these simple and unadorned words, 'There's a good time coming, I don't think.'"

"Here," continued the Professor, "is another letter, also not a little startling in its suggestion of the unknown. It is from a lady at Great Malvern. Her parrot—one of the grey variety, perhaps the most intellectual and imparting—just before it died, screamed in a loud voice, 'Light the gas!' Very curious, is it not? One sees the idea: into the darkness, into the night. The dying GOETHE, you will remember, uttered a similar cry: 'Light, more light!'"

"There are several more," said the Professor; but I had to cut him short.

"It is profoundly interesting," I said, "but I really must run." And I really ran.



"WELL, AUNT EMMA, WHEN ARE YOU COMING FOR A TRIP IN MY AEROPLANE?"

"MY DEAR BOY, I'D NO MORE THINK OF DOING THAT THAN I'D THINK OF FLYING."

"A lady at Bournemouth writes to me: 'Our parrot for years had been in the habit of saying "Good night" as I placed the cover on its cage before going to bed. Then latterly, strangely enough, it substituted another phrase, and instead of "Good night," always said "Pretty Poll," although my name is Clara. But last week, when it died, just before it closed its eyes for the last time, it shook itself for a moment on its perch, and once again, after an interruption of three years at least, said, very slowly, "Good night," and then fell over.' Her letter ends thus. Is not the finality of this very touching?"

I said that it was.

"Some of the sailors with whom I

judging from the number of seals he has to pass he might just as well be a keeper at the Zoo."

"He dived in and swam out strongly to sea, using his favourite over-arm stroke. . . . After half-an-hour's swim Burgess returned, on the stroke of eight o'clock."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

He should have kept to his favourite stroke.

"The quarterly report of the Sanitary Inspector was submitted, and it was considered very satisfactory. The Report showed that a sample of whisky taken in town had been analysed and found to be genuine."

Ross-shire Journal.

Very reassuring indeed.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

SUMMER, if now at length your time is through,
And, as occurs with lovers, we must part,
My poor return for all the debt, your due,
Is just to say that you may keep my heart;
Still warm with heat-waves rolling up the sky,
Its melting tablets mark in mid-September
Their record of the best three months that I
Ever remember.

I had almost forgotten how it felt
Not to awake at dawn to sweltering mirth,
And hourly modify my ambient belt
To cope with my emaciated girth;
It seems that always I have had to stay
My forehead's moisture with the frequent mopper,
And found my cheek assume from day to day
A richer copper.

Strange spells you wrought with your transforming glow!
O London drabness bathed in lucent heat!
O Mansions of the late Queen Anne, and O
Buckingham Palace (also Wimpole Street)!
O laughing skies traditionally sad!
O barometric forecasts never "rainy"!
O balmy days, and *noctes*, let me add,
Ambrosiana!

And if your weather brought the strikers out
And turned to desert-brown the verdant plot;
If civic fathers, who are often stout,
Murmured at times, "This is a bit too hot!"
If the slow blood of rural swains has stirred
When stating what their views about the crops is,
Or jammy lips have flung some bitter word
At this year's worses;—

What then? You may have missed the happy mean,
But by excess of virtue's ample store,
Proving your lavish heart was over-keen,
And for that fault I love you yet the more;
Nay, had you been more temperate in your zeal,
I should have lacked the best of all your giving—
The thirst, the lovely thirst, that made me feel
Life worth the living.

O. S.

WHERE TO GO NEXT HOLIDAY.

BRADFORD.

Now that the holiday season is nearly over it seems proper to remind serious and responsible people that there are other places one can go to besides Badgastein, Nether Achnaharacle, and Margate. Bradford is a most interesting place for an autumn holiday. It is never crowded with trippers, either monthly or week-endly. It is possible at Bradford to get away from the Band; and there are never any pierrots to disturb one's afternoon *siesta* on the banks of the Aire. However, the purpose of this article is not to boom Bradford as a health-resort; the idea is rather to be didactic and informative, to lift the mind of the reader to a higher plane of thought than that on which it moves when he is considering the music-hall value of BURGESS, or what he would have done with the money if he had had a thousand on Prince Palatine for the Leger.

The chief industry of Bradford is WOOLCOMBING, and there are few more picturesque sights in any part of the world than the convergence upon the main highways leading to Bradford of hundreds of thousands of sheep which arrive, twice a year, from all parts of the sur-

rounding country, and even from Scotland and Wales, to have their wool combed. This process used to be performed locally; and in remote places small holders may still be seen combing their own sheep. But the progressive owner realises now that it is cheaper to send his flock into Bradford twice a year for this operation, which not only gives the sheep a much tidier appearance, but stimulates the growth of its wool and improves its general health and spirits. Unfortunately for the purposes of the journalists, woolcombing is a secret process; and my attempt to get into the comberies, disguised as an elderly ram, was frustrated. But I was fortunate in meeting many sheep, both Before and After, and was much struck with the improvement in their appearance. Many had evidently indulged in a singe and shampoo also.

Next to WOOLCOMBING, in the respect of the Bradford man, comes the MOHAIR TRADE. As the name indicates, this staple depends upon a comparatively little-known animal, the Mo, which is fortunately plentiful in Asia Minor, South Africa and the Argentine. The Asian or African Mo must not be confused with the commoner British variety, distinguished, for trade purposes, by the prefix Ikey. It is curious to think that there are dozens of Bradford men, each with two motor cars and a grouse moor in Cumberland, who have never set eyes on their benefactor, the Mo. Thousands of miles away, on the High Veldt, the Mo moves day after day in his orbit round a peg, to which he is attached by a long strand of his own hair. His one object in life is to feel it growing. At night he is corralled by his keeper, dexterously and painlessly shaved with a 16-20 h.p. safety razor, and turned loose to accumulate next night's crop. The hair is then packed in bales, and shipped to Bradford, whose motto is, "The Mo the Merrier."

From Mohair we turn to Bradford's third industry—OIL-PRESS BAGGING. This is a profession, as its name suggests, which calls for considerable resource and even daring. Anyone who has ever seen an oil-press will understand that it is almost as hard to purloin, without exciting immediate suspicion and pursuit, as the Albert Memorial. The successful Oil-Press Bagger must be wary and astute. He must know where there are Oil-Presses worth his attention, and to what extent they are guarded. Then he has to consult with his Head Bagger (an official who is paid a huge salary, and who is well worth it) as to the plan of campaign. I was fortunate in gaining the confidence of several Head Baggers, during my visit to Bradford: but it would be unfair, and might even be dangerous, to give more than the barest outline of their method. But I may be permitted to say this, that gelignite and a Pickford van play a not unimportant part in the business. A team of Oil-Press Baggers, brawny men from the Dales, has been known to break into a Baggery and remove a full-sized Oil-Press in 2 min. 35 sec. The next time that you feed your pigs with oil-cake—if you keep pigs, and if pigs eat oil-cake—the next time you feel the clammy caress of a linseed poultice, I hope you will spare a moment's grateful thought for the Oil-Press Baggers of Bradford.

Two extracts from *The Melbourne Age*:—

"DUNKELD.—From 420 merino ewes, Mr. Paul Hendrick, of Watayure, obtained 375 lambs, or 99 per cent."

"ELMORE.—A fine lambing percentage has been obtained at Mr. H. Holmes's Burnewang Estate, 3765 lambs being marked from 411 cross-bred and comb-back ewes, representing 91 per cent."

This is where the Colonial has the advantage of us.



KINDRED SPIRITS.

[Lord Kitchener is now on his way to Egypt to take up his appointment as Agent General.]



OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

Arvy (to Bert). "I'M AT THE MAITRYPOLE. THEY DON'T 'ARF MAKE YOU SHELL OUT; BUT THE SERCIETY IS ALL RIGHT. I SIT NOT MORE'N TWO TABLES FROM A CHAP THAT NEARLY GOT MADE A NEW PEER. WELL, YOU CAN'T MIX WITH THAT SORT FOR NOTHING!"

THE REVIVAL OF HUMOUR.

RAIN! it's a long time since I met you, rain!

Mother of rivers, but oh far more sweet
Than when you souse the hillside and the plain
Here in the hippodrome of hurrying street!
How nice to sit

And watch the people squirm beneath your wit!

See, here is one that should have brought his gamp,
Broker or, may be, member of the Bar,
But hath not done so, and his clothes are damp,
So is his tile, and taxicabs are far;

He does not say

"O fruitful quickener of the earth!" nor pray

To whosoe'er of the immortal gods,
When fields are parched and dry through months of glare,
Sends down upon the world these genial rods,
Nor cry, "O balmy one! O god most fair!"

Soothly his voice

Is raised in language nothing like so choice.

And then the nymphs! with garments apt to spoil,
Hoping against all hope they stand and wait
Beneath some shop-front, garden of their toil,
Then dash for it, and get in such a state

Their so-called "things;"

They also use what oaths experience brings.

Rain, thou comedian! it does me good
To see the fine old farce revived once more
Of frequent mud-stains splashing from the wood;

Observe that man out there, I bet he swore
To find his hat

All spotted like the pard—a brougham did that.

I, only I, remembering how kind
Are all the boons of nature, how the mist
Engenders torrents, and the rivers wind
Through wakening valleys, and the woods are kissed,
And how my tea
Needs water, and my bath its h. and c.—

I, keeping tolerant and calm and bland,
Smile at the throaty gurgles of the drain;
The noise of many waters in the land
Pleases me mightily; I laugh, O rain,
Watching you tub

Old London—from the windows of my club. EVOE.

"Certain excitement was caused in journalistic and artistic circles by the news of the arrest of M. Hostrowsky, who has been a contributor to several papers in Paris under the name of Guillaume Apollinaire."

Reuter.

His assumed name (so different from that of his birth) seems to have been "writ in water" (mineral).

"An announcement of more than ordinary interest is that of Henry Charlewood Turner, second son of the Bishop of Islington, and grandson of the late Bishop McDougall, and Inez Elizabeth, only surviving child of the Rev. John Huntley Skrine, Vicar of St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford, and sometime Warden of Glenalmond."

Church Family Newspaper.

Unfortunately the announcement ends here, but we can guess what happened and beg to congratulate them.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE OGRE."

FOR weeks I had been living the animal life, chasing the grouse-bird over heart-breaking peat-hags; ploughing, with steady alternation, the blue seas and the white bunkers of Brittany; and now my stagnant mind was to have an intellectual treat. Returned to London, the headquarters of the hierarchy of Dramatic Culture, I was, on my first night, to sit at the feet of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, its anointed high-priest.

At once I saw that things had been moving on while I was away. New types, undreamed of in my experience of actual humanity, had sprung into being. Here was a flapper (with pig-tail) talking the glib rhetoric of Female Emancipation with the aplomb of a PANKHURST. Here was her elder sister, a picture of virginal simplicity, suddenly become notorious as the author of a shady novel about shop-girls, censored by the libraries. Here was her callow brother, educated at Harrow, Cambridge and the Music Halls, addressing his young step-mother, with wearying insistence, as "pretty belle-mère." Here was that lady conspiring with her husband's children to flout the authority of their father. Here was that father, mildest-mannered of City merchants, lending his preposterous nickname of *Ogre* to the latest of Mr. JONES's masterpieces. I pass over the young man's best girl, the most incredible charmer that ever disturbed the realms of pure imagination with the tootle of her car, and content myself with saying that Art, that tireless inventor, had truly not been idle in my absence.

It looks as if Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES had meant to give us a refined modern version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. But the brutality of *Petruchio* is everything. Take that from him and his occupation's gone. Mr. JONES's *Ogre* is satisfied to assert his manhood by nailing over his mantelpiece a pair of riding breeches (not an exclusively masculine garment) and eating a solitary chop in the presence of his starving family. (Let me here say that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER ate his chop just about as well as it could be eaten. It was a delightful little interval of comedy in a very desert of trivial iteration.) And at the end I could not find that we were much better off than when we started, or that the *Ogre* had really done so very much taming. It is true that his elder daughter (no thanks to him) was off his hands and that his ne'er-do-weel boy had gone to swell the ranks of his kind in Canada, but no one supposed for a moment that

his shrew of a wife had undergone any sort of reform. Of course I shouldn't think of worrying about the aimless futility of it all if only it hadn't been the work of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES. For he has always recognised himself as an authority on the right methods of making plays, and, generously enough, has made no pretence of concealing his views from the public.

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER was in rather attractive vein. I couldn't wish to meet an ogre more gentle, more reserved, more passively persuasive. He must have taken fifty or sixty bites to his simple mutton-chop, and he washed it down with homely ale instead of human blood. Miss KATE CUTLER had harder work to win our sympathy in a character compact of the elements of shrew and minx. But she cannot help playing well. Mr. VALENTINE, as a gardener who had "corpsed" a shrew of his own and knew full well how the type should be handled, had an eye that was more eloquent than any language, though he could be vocal to good purpose when he chose. Mr. MATTHEWS, heavily handicapped by the lady of his choice, scarcely had his usual chance. But he was always good to watch even if he had little to say that was worth while. Mr. REYNOLDS and Mr. NARES performed their slight tasks very naturally. Finally Mr. HALLARD, though he did great execution with rolling eyes and flashing teeth, never seemed a very probable breaker-up of the domestic *ménage*.

The dialogue, studded with simple pleasantries, was seldom brilliant. It seems a little late in the day to suggest, as a *bon mot*, that the censoring of a book is a good advertisement for it; and when you recur to your chop after an interval for conversation you should always think of some better remark than "Let us return to our mutton."

Altogether the play, though it had its spasms of quiet humour, cannot, I fear, be long for this world. Still, one never knows.

O. S.

"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND."

Thomas Pelling may well have been perplexed. He came back from Russia expecting to find the happy loving little wife that he had left six weeks ago and was greeted coldly by a strange woman—the same in appearance but with how different a manner towards him. In his absence she had discovered (with the help of *Dulcie Elstead* and *Clarence Woodhouse*, those champions of Women's Rights) that he had been treating her as a doll, that she was only—this surprised *Thomas*—"the principal woman in his harem." She

knew now that she must "live her own life;" and until *Thomas* showed that he understood and sympathised she would only be a stranger to him. Now *Thomas* was no fool, though he was a Philistine. As an earnest of his complete understanding he announced his intention of kicking *Dulcie* and *Clarence* out of the house. *Sophie* said that if he did this she would leave the house with them—for ever. Whereupon the poor husband was indeed perplexed.

Luckily *Mrs. Margell* had a plan. In real life people never have plans, or if they do they take weeks and weeks to think of them. Obviously we couldn't sit and watch *Thomas* for weeks and weeks while he thought of a plan; the thing had to be announced at once, even while we looked and waited. It was quite a simple plan—the dear old one, in fact, which gets another woman into the house in order to make the wife jealous. *Mrs. Margell* was, no doubt, a great playgoer, and had seen this plan working successfully on the stage hundreds of times; so she had confidence in recommending it to *Thomas*.

Well, it worked again. Not quite in the way *Thomas* expected, but none the less to the happiness of himself and his wife, and to the great glory of Mr. ALFRED SUTRO. For Mr. SUTRO has written a capital play, artificial perhaps in places, but always interesting. And I shall not be so silly as to accuse him of trying to solve the Woman Suffrage question.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER was a perfect *Thomas Pelling*, and he may be congratulated not only on his own fine performance but also on his company. Miss ATHENE SEYLER (who made such a delightful first appearance in *The Truants*) showed quite another side of her art as the earnest little wife, and was equally successful in it. As the emancipated *Dulcie* (why *Dulcie*?) Miss HENRIETTA WATSON was as effective as ever in an unsympathetic part; as the philosopher *Clarence* (why *Clarence*?) Mr. LYALL SWETE was completely in the picture. Miss MAUDE MILLETT looked and spoke just like the matter-of-fact *Mrs. Margell*, and Miss ENID BELL showed something more than the beauty that is always necessary in the "other woman." Both *Thomas* and I thought at first that to look beautiful would be all she would have to do; but, as it turned out, there was much more in it than that. M.

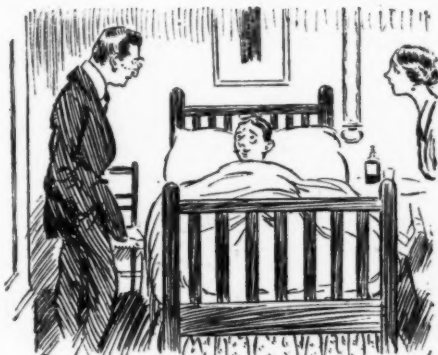
"PUBLIC LUNCHEON.

SHEEP WORRYING IN DEVON."

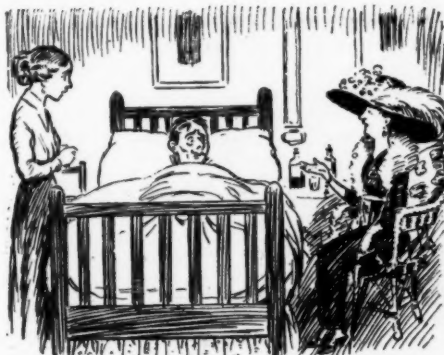
Western Morning News.

Mutton again!

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.



Our Doctor. "I'M SORRY TO SAY, OLD MAN, IT'S APPENDICITIS, AND YOU MUST HAVE THE OPERATION NEXT WEEK."



Sister Dorothy. "IT'S VERY COWARDLY AND WICKED TO HAVE THE OPERATION; WHY CAN'T YOU BEAR IT LIKE I DO! I'VE HAD APPENDICITIS FOR YEARS, I AM SURE. YOU'LL BE AWAY FROM WORK FOR WEEKS, AND THINK OF THE TROUBLE AND ANXIETY YOU'LL CAUSE US ALL."



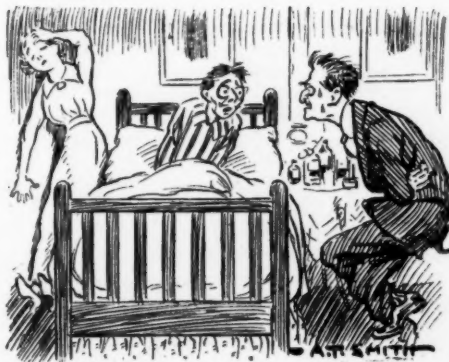
Aunt Fanny. "ARE YOU SURE YOUR DOCTOR IS COMPETENT TO UNDERTAKE THE OPERATION? SOME DOCTORS ARE DREADFULLY CARELESS. ONE, WHO OPERATED ON A POOR FRIEND OF MINE, ACCIDENTALLY SEWED UP HIS HAT AND GLOVES IN HIS PATIENT."



Sister-in-law Sydney. "SO YOU'RE GOING INTO A NURSING HOME FOR THE JOB? HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT. YOU'LL PROBABLY CATCH SOMETHING ELSE OR DIE OF STARVATION, LIKE A MAN I HEARD OF WHO GOT FORGOTTEN. WELL, GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK TO THE CARVING!"



Friend Robert. "I THOUGHT I'D JUST LOOK IN TO SEE IF YOU'D PAID UP ALL YOUR INSURANCES, MADE YOUR WILL AND GOT EVERYTHING IN ORDER. I THOUGHT, TOO, I COULD SAVE YOUR WIDOW TROUBLE IF——"



Our Doctor. "SORRY, OLD MAN, A MISTAKE IN MY DIAGNOSIS; YOU'VE NOT GOT APPENDICITIS; YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. GET UP, IT'S YOUR WIFE'S PASTRY; I'VE JUST HAD SOME!"

A SUMMER COLD.

WHEN I am not feeling very well I go to Beatrice for sympathy and advice. Anyhow, I get the advice.

"I think," I said carelessly, wishing to break it to her as gently as possible, "I think I have hay-fever."

"Nonsense," said Beatrice.

That annoyed me. Why shouldn't I have hay-fever if I wanted to?

"If you're going to begrudge me every little thing," I began.

"You haven't even got a cold."

As luck would have it a sneeze chose that moment for its arrival.

"There!" I said triumphantly.

"Why, my dear boy, if you had hay-fever you'd be sneezing all day."

"That was only a sample. There are lots more where that came from."

"Don't be so silly. Fancy starting hay-fever in September."

"I'm not starting it. I am, I earnestly hope, just finishing it. If you want to know, I've had a cold all the summer."

"Well, I haven't noticed it."

"That's because I'm such a good actor. I've been playing the part of a man who hasn't had a cold all the summer. In short, I've been wearing the mask."

Beatrice disdained to answer, and by-and-by I sneezed again.

"You certainly have a cold," she said, putting down her work.

"Come, this is something."

"You must be careful. How did you catch it?"

"I didn't catch it. It caught me."

"Last week-end?"

"No, last May."

Beatrice picked up her work again impatiently. I sneezed a third time.

"Is this more the sort of thing you want?" I said.

"What I say is that you couldn't have had hay-fever all the summer without people knowing."

"But, my dear Beatrice, people do know. In this quiet little suburb you are rather out of the way of the busy world. Rumours of war, depressions on the Stock Exchange, my hay-fever—these things pass you by. But the clubs are full of it. I assure you that, all over the country, England's stately homes have been plunged into mourning by the news of my sufferings, historic piles have bowed their heads and wept."

"I suppose you mean that in every house you've been to this summer you've told them that you had it, and they've been foolish enough to believe you."

"That's putting it a little crudely. What happens is——"

"Well, all I can say is, you know a very silly lot of people."

"What happens is that when the mahogany has been cleared of its polished silver and choice napery, and wine of a rare old vintage is circulating from hand to hand——"

"If they wanted to take any notice of you at all, they could have given you a bread poultice and sent you to bed."

"Then, as we impatiently bite the ends off our priceless Havanas——"

"They might know that you couldn't possibly have hay-fever."

I sat up suddenly and spoke to Beatrice.

"Why on earth *shouldn't* I have hay-fever?" I demanded. "Have you any idea what hay-fever is? I suppose you think I ought to be running about wildly, trying to eat hay? or showing an unaccountable aversion from dried grass? I take it that there are grades of hay-fever, as there are of everything else. I have it at present in a mild form. Instead of being thankful that it is no worse, you——"

"My dear boy, hay-fever is a thing people have all their lives, and it comes on every summer. You've never even pretended to have it before this year."

"Yes, but you must start *some* time. I'm a little backward, perhaps. Just because there are a few infant prodigies about, don't despise me. In a year or two I shall be as regular as the rest of them." And I sneezed again.

Beatrice got up with an air of decision and left the room. For a moment I thought she was angry and had gone for a policeman, but as the minutes went by and she didn't return I began to fear that she might have left the house for good. I was wondering how I should break the news to her family when, to my relief, she came in again.

"You may be right," she said, putting down a small package and unpinning her hat. "Try this. The chemist says it's the best hay-fever cure there is."

"It's in a lot of languages," I said as I took the wrapper off. "I suppose German hay is the same as any other sort of hay? Oh, here it is in English. I say, this is a what-d'-you-call-it cure."

"So the man said."

"Homœopathic. It's made from the pollen that causes hay-fever. Yes. Ah, yes." I coughed slightly and looked at Beatrice out of the corner of my eye. "I suppose," I said carelessly, "if anybody took this who *hadn't* got hay-fever, the results might be rather—I mean that he might then find that he—in fact, er—*had* got it."

"Sure to," said Beatrice.

"Yes. That makes us a little thoughtful; we don't want to over-do this thing." I went on reading the instructions. "You know, it's rather odd about my hay-fever—it's generally worse in town than in the country."

"But then you started so late, dear. You haven't really got into the swing of it yet."

"Yes, but still—you know, I have my doubts about the gentleman who invented this. We don't see eye to eye in this matter. Beatrice, you may be right—perhaps I haven't got hay-fever."

"Oh, don't give up."

"But all the same I know I've got something. It's a funny thing about my being worse in town than in the country. That looks rather as if—By Jove, I know what it is—I've got just the opposite of hay-fever."

"What is the opposite of hay?"

"Why, bricks and things."

I gave a last sneeze and began to wrap up the cure.

"Take this pollen stuff back," I said to Beatrice, "and ask the man if he's got anything homœopathic made from paving-stones. Because, you know, that's what I really want."

"You have got a cold," said Beatrice.

A. A. M.

STARS IN COLLISION.

READERS of our esteemed contemporary, *The British Weekly*, can hardly have failed to notice the striking item of literary news which appears in the last issue over the signature "A Man of Kent":—

"The American papers tell us that what came near being a serious accident occurred recently at Kennebunkport, Me., where Margaret Deland and George Barr McCutcheon have summer cottages. Both writers own automobiles, and one day were taking an outing in them. They met so suddenly in a narrow road that a crash was inevitable, and Mr. McCutcheon's machine struck Mrs. Deland's, dashing it over an embankment eight or nine feet high. By a miracle it was not overturned, and no serious damage resulted from the encounter."

It is reassuring to the national *amour propre* to know that these exhilarating encounters are not the monopoly of the New World.

Thus an accident that might have been attended with consequences calculated to eclipse the gaiety of two hemispheres is reported from Ryde (I. of W.) It seems that Mr. HENRY JAMES, who has recently purchased a hydroplane, was cruising in the Solent when he collided with a motor boat driven by Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD. As both craft were travelling at a high speed they became so inextricably entangled that it was



Magistrate. "NOW CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE HORSE IN QUESTION? HOW BIG WAS IT, FOR INSTANCE?"

Witness. "IT WAS SIXTEEN FEET, Y'R HONOUR."

Magistrate. "COME, COME! REMEMBER YOU ARE ON YOUR OATH! DON'T YOU MEAN SIXTEEN HANDS?"

Witness. "INDEED, THIN, IT WAS HANDS I MEANT; AND DID I SAY FEET, Y'R HONOUR? AH, WELL, I'M ON MY OATH, SO WE'LL LET IT STAND. SURE, THIN, IT WAS SIXTEEN FEET, Y'R HONOUR."

impossible to separate them. The illustrious pilots were both hurled into the sea, and the shock was so great that Professor MILNE's seismograph at Shide Hill was violently agitated and a flock of solan gee-e which were crossing the island fell to the ground in a state of hopeless inanition. Fortunately the two famous novelists were picked up by a submarine and conveyed to Ryde. According to the latest advices Mr. HENRY JAMES has nearly completed the scenario of his apology to Mr. CONRAD, which is expected to run to about 140,000 words. It will shortly be published in two volumes by Mr. HEINEMANN, under the title of "A Marine Entanglement."

The charming village of Ripley was recently the scene of an extraordinary encounter between Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING. Mr. CHESTERTON, who was mounted on a 10-h.p. "Giant" motor bicycle, swept round a corner into the High Street at a high rate of speed and dashed into a Cornish Riviera landau-lette, in which Mr. HOCKING was sitting before the door of a temperance hotel. To avoid the inevitable collision, Mr. HOCKING threw himself out of his car, while Mr. CHESTERTON, by an extra-

ordinary act of levitation, sailed clean over the roof of the hotel, and clung to a telegraph pole until he was brought down by the captain of the local fire-brigade. Happily, neither of the authors was hurt, Mr. HOCKING being a man of iron constitution, while Mr. CHESTERTON'S buoyancy completely neutralised the sudden impact with the telegraph pole, on which a suitable tablet has already been placed by the Parish Council.

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, amongst her other accomplishments, is a fearless aeroplane pilot, and has already crossed the Channel several times. During her last transit, however, she narrowly escaped destruction. When only about a mile from the French coast an explosion of petrol set the aeroplane on fire, and she dropped like a stone through the void. By an extraordinary piece of good fortune Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, who was returning to France in his magnificent steam yacht *Gloriana*, happened to be exactly beneath her, and when the burning aeroplane dropped on the deck, several of his footmen promptly extinguished the flames. Mrs. GLYN, who was clad in a suit of asbestos overalls, escaped without any injury, but the buttons on

the livery of the footmen were melted by the terrific heat.

Lastly, we have to chronicle a momentous *rencontre* which occurred lately in Hertfordshire. Mrs. SARAH TOOLEY, who is in the habit of riding across country on a small African elephant of extraordinary agility, leapt her steed over a hedge into a road just as Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT was passing by in his 16-cylinder Senhouse Limousine, crashing through the roof with a noise that was distinctly audible at Lord ROTHSCHILD'S stately home at Tring, seven miles away. The remarkable feature of the accident, however, was that while neither Mrs. TOOLEY nor Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT received a scratch, the elephant was smashed to smithereens and was never seen again, though Major RICHARDSON and his bloodhounds were on the scene of action within twenty-four hours.

Potted Poets: I. Browning.

"The rev. gentleman based an eloquent discourse on 'Courage,' Browning, said he, speaks of the man who never turned his back, who never dreamed, though right were worsted, and wrong triumphed."—*Cornish Advertiser*.
If he slept on his back he must have dreamed.



Mother. "WHAT DID YOU WANT TO HURT YOUR LITTLE SISTER FOR?"

Harold. "I DIDN'T WANT TO; I JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW HARD I COULD PULL HER HAIR WITHOUT HURTING HER."

"NEEDLES AND PINS . . ."

WHEN a man marries his trouble begins. If, Sir, you have been considering this very matter and have come to the conclusion (1) that it is worth it, or (2) that there is bound to be trouble for you either way and you don't mind which, so why deny the dear girl a thing she has so obviously set her heart on? or (3) that you have said too much to withdraw, you will most likely have discovered the fact that the centre of the trouble above mentioned is hats. Arrived thus far correctly, you have probably jumped to the conclusion that the hats in question are hers, and that your trouble consists of so small a thing as signing a cheque or two. Believe me, my dear Sir, you are wrong.

"My wife," I said to the man behind the counter, "says that I have got to get a new bowler. The dear old friend, who has been through the thick and thin of countless years with me and now sits lovingly on my head, is condemned."

The man smiled, and asked for particulars.

"Good heavens! fellow," said I, "what do I know about such things? Mary says I must have a new bowler. Give me therefore a new bowler."

The man gave a cursory glance at my head, as if it were so much solid matter to be covered up and got rid of as soon as possible, and selected his idea of a new bowler.

"It suits you, Sir," he said, as I put it on, "if I may say so, admirably."

"You have said so," I retorted, "but nevertheless my idea of a hat is something one can wear and yet see out of. Mind you, I have never gone into the matter before, as you have no doubt done, but yet I have the instinct that a hat is less a thing for one to get inside than a thing to be placed outside one. Once there, moreover, it should stay there, till removal. With the first gust of wind I should be blown right out of this."

He produced a smaller one, stated that it suited me, if he might say so, admirably, compelled me to buy it, and sent me out of the shop. Mary, upon observing me later, said, "When are you going to buy a respectable bowler?" I explained that I had done so already. She said she was

glad to hear of it, but would be gladder still to see it. I called her attention to the top of my head. "That!" she said merely, and so it came about that later I found myself again in the shop, this time personally conducted.

Now, the indignity of this mere return was sufficiently uncomfortable, and I do think that, considering the little trouble and the large prices we men give at shops in our single days, the shopmen ought at least to stand by us at a pinch like this. This shopman in particular should have caught the look of suffering in my eye, and have used all the weight of his authority and demeanour to crush Mary's opinions and, though I say it as should not, to crush Mary herself. Instead, he agreed frankly, and with a contemptuous look at me, that the hat was too small.

"Small?" said Mary. "Why, it looks absurd?"

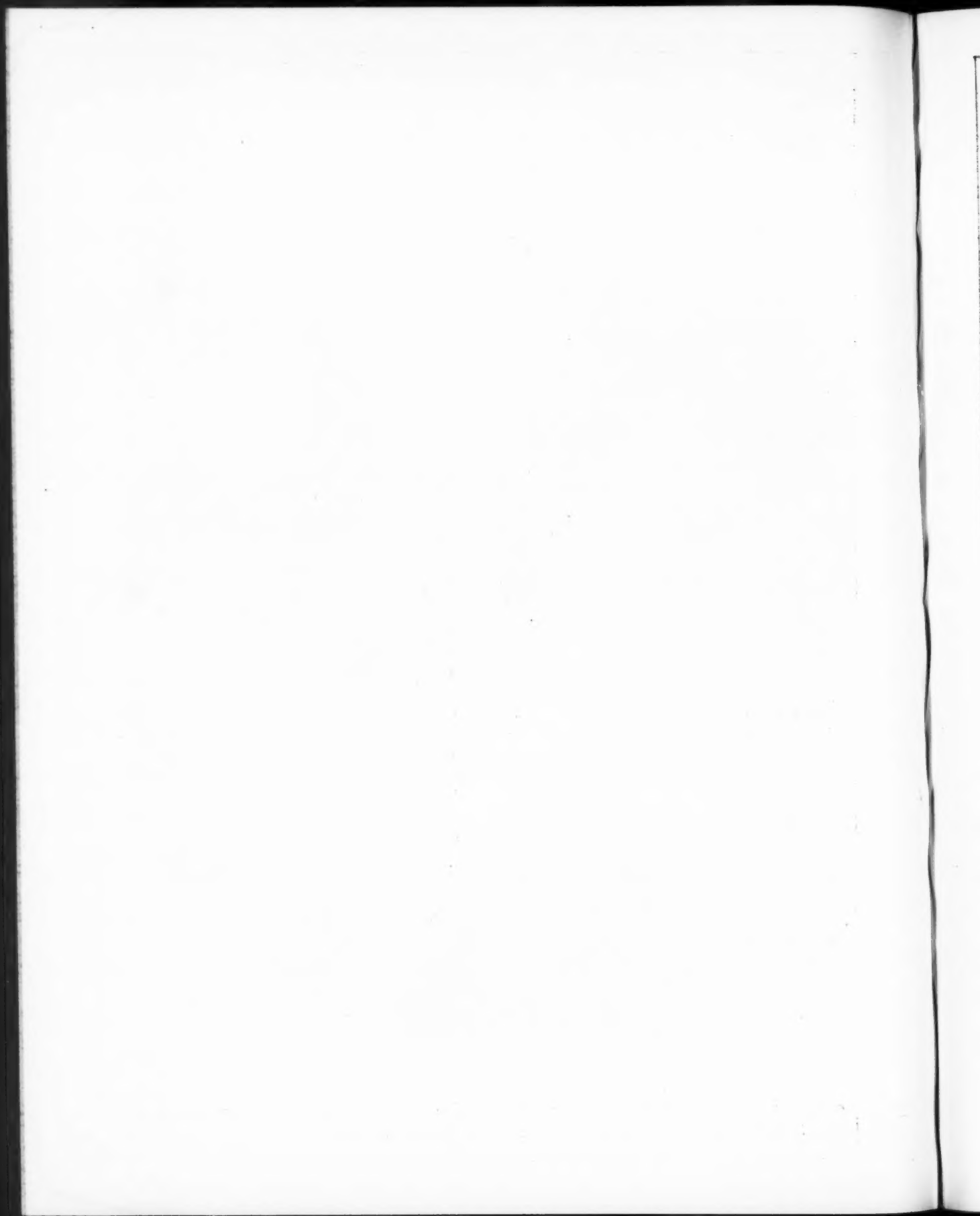
"Absurd, Madam," he agreed again; "but I was given to understand that looks did not matter as long as he felt happy in the hat."

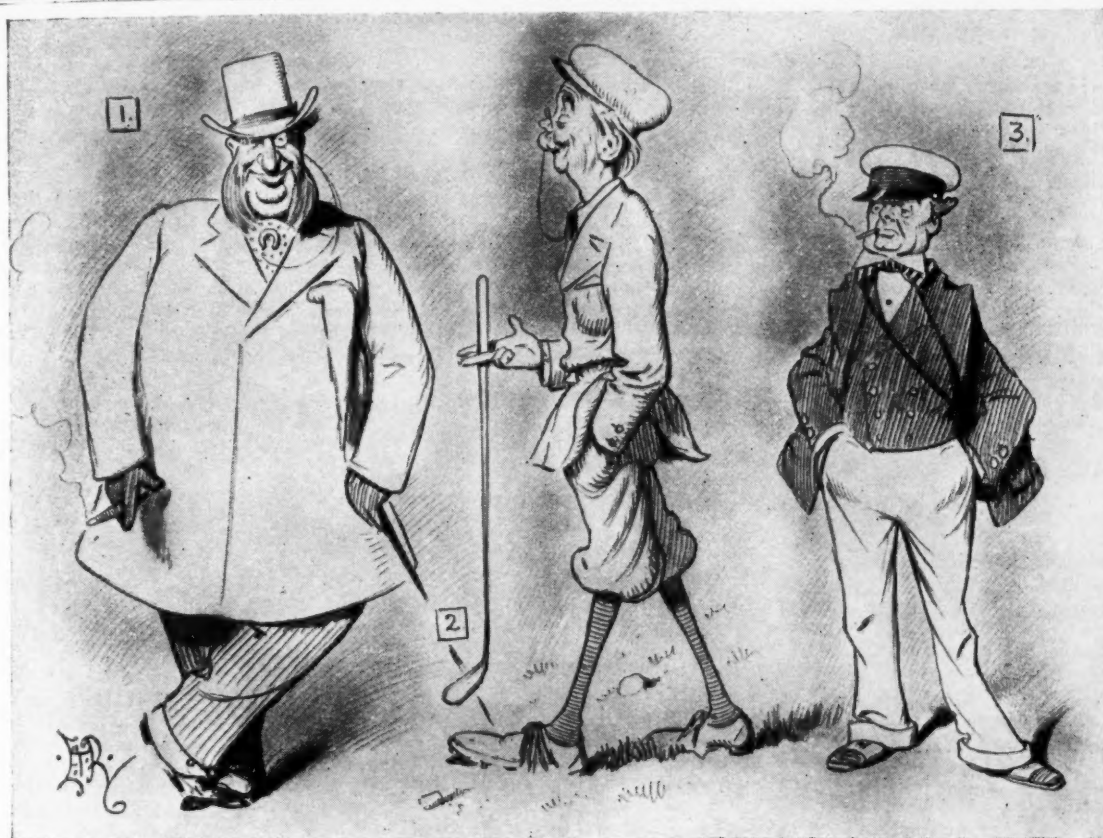
"I might have guessed as much," said Mary. It is to be observed



A MATTER OF DIGNITY.

GERMAN EAGLE (to French Chanticleer). "LOOK HERE, AS BIRD TO BIRD, IF I COME DOWN A PERCH OR TWO, WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO CROW AT ME?"





SOME MORE HOLIDAY RESEMBLANCES.

(1) It would take an almost perverted ingenuity to detect in this gentleman any real likeness to the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN. Apart from certain turfy attributes (obviously plagiarised from the right hon. gentleman's equipment) and the wearing of a monocle, our artist can discover nothing which could, for an instant, deceive any friend of the great Protectionist Leader. (2) We frankly admit that to the untrained eye of an imperfectly-informed observer this gentleman might easily be the innocent cause of the rumour that Mr. BALFOUR was in the district—a rumour which sent a wave of chastened and well-controlled enthusiasm through the local Unionist Association. (3) No one that was not affected with a reckless thirst for sensationalism at all costs would, for a single instant, mistake this trivial little person for a SPENCER-CHURCHILL. There are markedly plebeian traits which prevent any well-brought-up person from confusing him for a single moment with the HOME SECRETARY. (We cannot help feeling that the right hon. gentleman has just cause to complain of such an inexcusable blunder.)

that I was referred to as "he." Indeed, I was ever regarded as "it." For, when exhausted as a subject for adverse criticism, I was treated as an object for resting hats on at various angles. I had nothing to do with the choice of either: if I evinced any interest in the matter and paused before a mirror, I was ordered sharply to go and stand by the door. I obeyed orders, and was told even more sharply to go and stand by the other door. To the people in the shop I seemed an idiot; to the other people, who wanted to come into the shop, I seemed to be a tiresome idiot, and for every hat that did not please the critics I got all the blame. My head and the shape and size of it were an insult to Mary and an injury to the man behind the counter. In short, that poet, if he knew what he was talking about when he mentioned

trouble, spoke with great moderation and restraint.

Everything must end, and a conclusion (of the most uncomfortable shape conceivable) was eventually arrived at. Within a month, however, Mary had taken a dislike to it. I called her attention to the fact that it was her own selection. That might be, but Mary could not go on loving me unless I got another. I said, with regret, that I should have then to dispense with her love. That might be also, but I could not, I was reminded, live with comfort in the same house as her disapproval. I reminded her again that the hat complained of was her choice. She had changed her mind, she said, and I must change my hat. . . . The process was much the same as before, only if possible more offensive.

That was four months ago. This

morning, as she saw me off to the City, she called me back. Oblivious of the past and optimistic of the present, I returned and kissed her again. That was not what she wanted. "Stand a little way away from me," she said, "I want to look at you." She did look, and the look was at the top of my head, and not affectionate.

If this matures into a fourth bowler hat, I shall ask with some confidence for a divorce.

Answer to correspondent in the *Amateur Gardener*:

"Yes, also plant bugs, earwigs, weevils, etc." All the same we don't think we will.

"At the foot of the letter were a number of 'crosses,' presumably representing crosses." *Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

The writer presumes too much.

CHARIVARIA.

"UNREST IN PERSIA
BLUEJACKETS READY TO STOP LOOTING."
Daily Mail.

WE are shocked to think that they should have ever started it.

The success of the Schoolboys' Strikes must have surprised the little chaps themselves. "Down with the cane!" they demanded, and in most cases it came down on them sooner than they expected.

The Hooligan Strikers' motto:—"Leave no stone unturned to attain your object."

It is again rumoured that non-unionist workmen are thinking of forming a union with the view of protecting their interests.

An expedition has left London for Good-enough Island, near British New Guinea, to study the customs of the natives, who are cannibals. It is hoped to discover a remedy for cannibal bite.

According to a Local Government Board Report, fifteen centenarians have died during the year in Irish workhouses. There must be something insanitary about these institutions.

The Express has been asking: "What do men admire in women's dress?" Not infrequently, we believe, it is the woman.

Portugal, though much changed, has been recognized at last.

The Cologne Gazette of September 12th puts all the blame on England for unduly protracting, for her own benefit, negotiations between Germany and France. If the parties to the dispute will call in person at the Punch Office, they will be given Our Gracious Permit to get Done with It.

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. WILL THORNE to the delegates at the Trades Union Congress, "that we can't control our Army and Navy better than the cads who now handle our men?" They did.

And when the same delegates made an attack on Mr. WILL CROOKS, the latter only said to himself, "Poor old Bill!" It is pleasant to learn that he is on sufficiently good terms with himself to address himself by his pet name.

The mover of the vote of thanks to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, for opening a bazaar at Menai Bridge, is thus reported:—"I have my own belief that the first person to 'discover' Mr. LLOYD GEORGE must have been the girl who, in spite of everything, was determined to get married to him." Ministers stand to be shot at even by their best friends.

The infant Emperor of CHINA began his education one day last week. To honour the occasion, that day was made a holiday in all the schools throughout the Empire. Under the circumstances, it must have been peculiarly bitter for the little man to sit working all by himself—unless, of course, he struck.

Schoolmasters are a very modest and unassuming class. One of them, only the other day in the *Morning Post*, advertised a vacancy in his school "owing to an unexpected success."

The staff of the Greenwich Observatory is taking a census of the stars. It is to be hoped that even the oldest of them will, in the interests of statistics, be perfectly honest in declaring its age.

An American millionaire has made public his desire to find a wife who will love him for himself alone. He has in consequence received 6,242 proposals. His obvious course now is to give away his fortune among 6,241 of the applicants as consolation prizes, and then to give himself to the lucky remainder.

In the new autumn drama at Drury Lane there is a real race, in which a horse named *The Hope* is scheduled to win every night. Here is an opportunity for betting men to recoup their season's losses on the Turf.

An English waiter was discovered, the other day, in a state of exhaustion at Calais, having rowed himself across from Deal in a skiff. It is supposed that the obliging fellow had, to satisfy an exacting customer, gone to fetch the French mustard.

The LORD MAYOR and his party, having banqueted in the great Festival Hall of the *Rathaus*, declare that Viennese organization is admirable. We have no hesitation in characterizing this criticism as expert.

The prevalent unrest has now spread to MOUNT ETNA, but the exact nature of the grievance in this quarter is not known.



Distracted Author (seeking peace in Sussex). "MRS. HOIDGE! WHAT IS THIS PANDEMONIUM?"

Farmer's Wife. "OH, THEY'RE ONLY PUTTIN' A TIN ROOF ON THE 'EX-HOUSE, SIR, AN' KNOWIN' YOU WAS A LONDON GENT WE THOUGHT THE SOUND MIGHT REMIND YOU OF 'OME."

There has been a flood of treacle in New Orleans, by which many people were swept off their feet and very nearly drowned. The cry of encouragement from the bystanders, "Stick to it!" was considered by a struggling victim to be in the worst taste.

SARHAR ARSHAD, in reply to a question regarding the transport of his cannons through Russia, stated that they passed through the Customs labelled "Mineral Water;" a little jest ("Pop!"—you see?) which reflects infinite credit on all who took part in it.

A Blackburn ratepayer complains of the arrival in his water-tap of "a serpent with about a thousand legs." Serpents can never hit off the happy mean: either they have too many legs or none at all.



Donald. "STEADY, MAN, YE'VE HOOKIT ME!"

Callous Angler. "I DIDN'T SEE YOU RISE, DONALD. WHAT FLY DID YOU TAKE?"

GARDENING NOTES.

[With the usual acknowledgments.]

SEPTEMBER, so called because it is the ninth month of the year, occupies a unique position in the calendar, from the fact that it stands midway, so to speak, between genial August and the more boisterous October.

New bedding operations must now be put in hand, so as to be ready for the activities of autumn. Every amateur gardener has his own method of procedure in this respect, to which his neighbours will, perhaps rightly, attach no exaggerated value, remembering the old saw, "As you make your bed, so shall you lie about it." For myself I am inclined to recommend a mixture of caviare, brick-dust, and finely chopped leaf-mould as being best for all practical purposes. Many amateurs, however, stick to clay; and *vice-versâ*.

The long drought having come to a welcome termination, artificial moistening need no longer be resorted to, save in the case of plants in pots, and jobbing-gardeners. Both these latter will require constant attention, if the best results are to be obtained. Apples and blackberries are now ripe for preserving. The best method of

preserving both is to enclose them in barbed wire.

Many readers in country districts have written complaining of the ravages inflicted upon their gardens by the attacks of green-fly, and asking for my advice. It is unfortunately difficult to know what to counsel them, as against green-fly the ordinary house-dog has been found practically useless, nor do I know that any really reliable trap is at present on the market. My own method, in the case of roses, is to pull the bush up by the roots and burn it; but this, of course, requires patience, and is apt to retard the blooms in the following season. The whole question is full of difficulty.

How foolish are those short-sighted observers who speak of September as a dull month, wanting in horticultural colour and variety. Could anything be further from the truth? What garden, however humble, but can boast at this season of its wasps, their yellow gleam imparting animation to all around? And as for variety, how often in suburban plots, which have been left untenanted during the visit of the family to the seaside, is the eye of the returning owner surprised by the soft flush of the wild brickbat, or the gayer green of the small Bass,

peering at him from the most unexpected places? Fungi also, in every variety, may be found blazoning the cellar stairs, and even the inside of the drawing-room piano, with their wealth of colour. Who after this would be so ungrateful as to call September dull?

No, when I consider the many natural advantages of September, its genial days and its nights lit by the calm effulgence of the moon (that luminary whose rays were erstwhile supposed inimical to human reason—hence the old saying "a balmy night") I am driven irresistibly to the reflection: "What on earth shall I find to write about October?" But courage, reader. I shall not be found wanting, even if you are.

"Mr. Justice Stephen: Why? I object to the form of the question.

Mr. Avortion! I wish you lordship would make a note of the objection.

Mr. Justice Stephen—No.

Mr. Avortion. I repeat it will the greatest respect, my lord.

Mr. Justice Stephen—If you resent it you can have rewards in other day but you must not speak to the court that why.

Mr. Avortion: My lord no other Judge speak to me like this."—*Calcutta Empire*.

But then he must try and remember that no other advocate spells his name quite so variously.

TANNED.

SIR, the rich colour that you rightly praise
 On cheek and brow was dyed by sunny days;
 Yet, as I draw my trouser up, you see
 The milk-white tint that marks my shapely knees;
 No kilt, in fact, as sure as eggs are eggs,
 Has flapped and swayed about my Southern legs.
 No, nor in knickerbockers have I strayed
 From hill to hill, from purple glade to glade.
 For me no Sandy, short in speech and dour,
 Has sent the setters ranging o'er the moor;
 I did not drain the mountain-dew or turn
 Aside to dabble in the tinkling burn,
 Blending in mixture due, as wise men will,
 The fiery spirit with the icy rill.
 No grouse, arriving from the deuce knows where,
 Has fanned for me the ambient upper air
 And passed unscathed and doomed me to despair—
 No joys like these to me the Fates decreed,
 To me who have not crossed or neared the Tweed.

Nor have I crouched, with every nerve on edge,
 Alert behind some bristling Norfolk hedge;
 While far in front the drivers' call rang clear,
 A note of warning to my straining ear,
 And, rising from the roots, the covey came
 Adown the wind like streaks of living flame.
 Often escaping from the line of wrath
 The flaring birds pursued their shot-chased path,
 Though some were left who had not wished to stay,
 Inert in death—but I was far away.

No, Sir, this colour that bedecks my face
 Was spread by Nature in a simpler place.
 Where the fair Solent laps upon the sands
 In Totland Bay her airy paint-box stands.
 There by sheer indolence an earnest man
 May win at ease his favourite coat of tan:
 Upon his back he lies and dreams his best,
 And, while he dreams, the sun achieves the rest;
 Then, waking up, he plunges in the tide,
 And cleaves the wavelets on his breast or side,
 And, still intent on brownness to the last,
 Darkens the tint and makes the colour fast. R. C. L.

SPECIAL POSTS.

ACTIVE rehearsals are, we understand, already in progress for the inauguration of the Special Submarine Post between Orkney and Shetland which is to begin operations on the 17th of next month, and will thereafter maintain a regular daily service. This first submarine post has been established by some prominent members of the Navy League to mark the year of the signing of the Declaration of London. Letters, which must bear a special stamp, may be posted in any public-house in the City. They will be conveyed by the usual channels to Lerwick, thence by submarine to Kirkwall, after which they will return to the London General Post-Office for despatch to their ultimate destination. It is hoped that these special facilities will appeal to business men. Any profits that may accrue are to be devoted to charities selected by the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

We have been asked to clear up some misapprehensions which have arisen with regard to the new Underground Post between Widnes and Paisley. The delay which has occurred in some cases in the delivery of letters is due, we understand, to the long drought, which has rendered the ground so hard that burrowing has been conducted under

most disheartening circumstances. Letters, which must bear a special stamp, may be posted in the official boxes which will be found in the leading suburban boot-shops. The address must be type-written in red ink on both sides. It may not be generally known that this first underground post has been inaugurated to celebrate the year of the passing of the Veto Bill. The proceeds are to be devoted to charities selected by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Much interest has been aroused by the announcement of a New Water Post, from Dover to Calais, which will be opened in the course of a few weeks, by way of celebrating the magnificent performance of BURGESS in swimming the Channel. BURGESS, himself, HOLBEIN, WOLFFE and other prominent swimmers have already been engaged to undertake the duty of conveying the letters, which must be posted in the Albert Memorial. Any profit that may result will, we understand, be devoted to charities selected by the President of the French Republic. As only one letter can be conveyed at a time—in the mouth—the cost of the special stamps for this service will be one hundred guineas. These stamps, which are made of a preparation of rubber and asbestos, must be firmly affixed by a safety-pin. Only letters contained in the official aquascutum envelopes will be accepted for transmission. The envelopes will be on sale next week at the Eustace Miles Restaurant.

BLESSING THEIR BUTTONS.

["According to the Autumn modes, the front fastening is to be applied to gowns and blouses."—*Fashion Column.*]

From the radiant South to the niggardly North,
 The fiat of fashion is heralded forth,
 In language imperious, rigid and blunt:—
 "All frocks for the future must fasten in front."

Do you hear it, poor damsel, with nerves on the rack,
 As you struggle to button your blouse at the back?
 No more need you writhe and make faces and grunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Do you hear it, meek man, as with conjugal zest
 You fasten the gown of your spouse, by request?
 No more for those hooks need you fumble and hunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Do you hear it, blue-stocking, whose absence of mind
 Results in a gap in your bodice behind?
 No more of sly jests you'll be bearing the brunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Like the musical breath of a breeze passing by
 Sounds the sibilant sigh of the satisfied sigh
 Of the portly, the slender, the tall and the stout
 Now their frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Modesty.

"FRES.—Actress has her Set of Real Black Skins, large Stole and huge Pillow Muff; worth 20 guineas; will sacrifice for 35s.; going to India (not needed)."—*Advt. in "Hull Daily News."*

But no doubt she will be made very welcome.

"Girgenti is doing good work as a farm home for lads who would otherwise develop into hooligans. The company which inspected it on Saturday was informed that of 325 lads who had passed through it only 13 had been pushed for misbehaviour."—*Glasgow Evening News.*

Policeman (to hooligan): Leave off this instant, Walter, or I shall give you a good push.



Clerk to Office Boy (after Senior Partner has told poor joke). "WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH TOO?"
Office Boy. "I DON'T NEED TO; I'M LEAVING ON SATURDAY."

MEMOIRS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

THE announcement that a biography of Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, the redoubtable American financier, is shortly about to appear has given rise to pleasurable anticipations on both sides of the Atlantic. Without wishing to discount the joys of perusal *Mr. Punch* is in the fortunate position of being able to give a brief synopsis of the early chapters of what promises to be the most thrilling product of the autumn publishing season.

ORIGIN AND PEDIGREE.

Mr. MORGAN, it is as well to state at once, comes of an ancient and historic line, being descended from the famous hero Morgante Maggiore celebrated in PULCI's romantic poem. This illustrious giant who, it will be remembered, was converted to Christianity by Orlando and acquired great renown for his generosity, died suddenly of the bite of a crab "as if"—in the words of WHEELER—"to show on what trivial chances depends the life of the strongest." To this day crab is taboo at the table of the MORGAN family.

Another illustrious forebear of the

famous financier was Fata Morgana, alias Morgan le Fay, who laid the foundations of the fortunes of the house and inhabited a splendid mansion at the bottom of a lake crowded with art treasures, many of which are now in the possession of her descendant, who claims kinship with RAPHAEL MORGHEN, the engraver; HENRY MORGAN, the King of Buccaneers; and AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, the famous mathematician, from whom Mr. J. P. MORGAN learned his first lessons in the multiplication table.

His father, JULIUS MORGAN, traced his descent on the maternal side from the conqueror of Gaul, whose Commentaries form the favourite reading of his son. The latter's Cæsarian lineaments have often been noticed by expert physiognomists.

EARLY LIFE AND STRUGGLES.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who was born at the Golden Gate in 1837, started life under most unfavourable auspices. Most millionaires have begun with half-a-crown, but he had several. Others have begun by splitting rails, but he devoted his energies to the much more arduous task of amalgamating

them. Prosperity is generally associated with an avoidance of the "demnition bow-wows," but Mr. MORGAN is an inveterate dog-fancier. And, lastly, undeterred by the warning enshrined in a famous poem, he completed his education at the University of Göttingen. Yet, in spite of all these handicaps, he made his way rapidly to the front and now possesses two houses in England and one in New York.

We may close this imperfect sketch of the opening chapters of this fascinating volume with an answer recently inscribed in an album of "Pet Aversions" by Mr. MORGAN:—

If you were not yourself, who would you least like to be? *Ans.* Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(To be discontinued in our next.)

University Intelligence.

"Castalia passed 'Smalls' for Liverpool."
Scotsman.

From an advt. of *The Life Everlasting*:

"The demand is enormous, and the First Edition, though of very great size, is enormous." There is always something striking about Miss MARIE CORELLI's books.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM is a writer to whom I owe a great and cheerfully-acknowledged debt of gratitude for much past merriment; but I hope he will not mind my saying that there are parts of his latest story, *Lalage's Lovers* (METHUEN), which I consider to have written off some at least of my obligation. Perhaps I was not in the mood; perhaps I was disappointed at finding that, though the scene of the tale is laid in Ireland, the village folk who have so often delighted me before were absent. Whatever the reason, something did disappoint me woefully, and that, too, despite all the charms of *Lalage* herself, a sufficiently attractive though scatter-brained young person. I liked her best, I think, as a hoydenish flapper, founder of the great "Anti-Tommy-Rot-Society" (subsequently merged into the "Association for the Suppression of Public Lying") and reminiscent in many ways of my old friend the heroine of *The Major's Niece*. Both at this stage and in the unconventional proposal scene that ends the book, *Lalage* was wholly delightful; but her companions seemed to me mostly puppets whose vagaries lacked the vitality with which Mr. BIRMINGHAM can generally infuse his most farcical antics. There are one or two evidences, however, that make me think a great part of *Lalage's* history may be founded on actual events, which of course would account for its air of laboured unreality. Next time I hope Mr. BIRMINGHAM will be content to rely upon his excellent imagination.

Queed, by Mr. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON (CONSTABLE), is not a poisonous herb, but the surname of a sort of a man. In choosing so relentless a title it would seem that the author wanted to make it clear from the first that it was no part of his design to woo your senses with the charm of sweet sounds. The anomalous idea of a savant absorbed in a *magnum opus* on 'Altruism' without ever having done an unselfish action in his life is perhaps not so very novel. But *Queed* is no ordinary prig. Brought up without other human ties than those which bound him to a foster-parent in the person of a New York policeman of Hibernian extraction; without education save of his own getting; frankly unconcerned about the necessity of paying his way—we find him in the early stages of manhood already halfway through his monumental work, composed in the congenial atmosphere of a middle-class Virginian boarding-house.

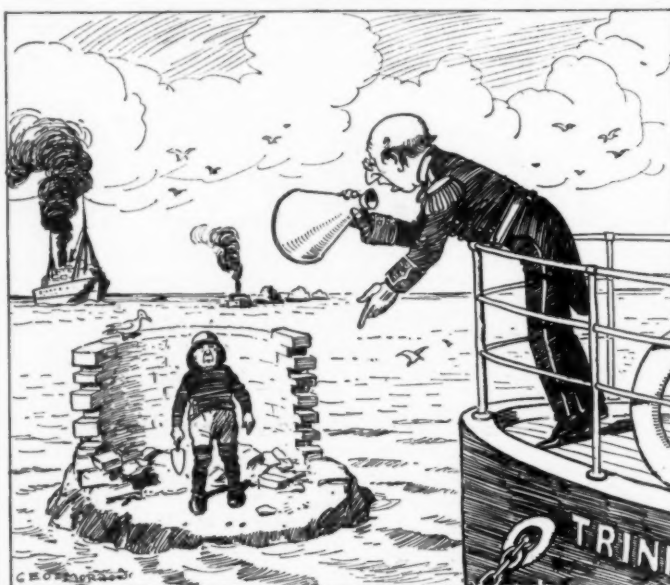
Of his gradual evolution—physical, social and spiritual—to a point where nothing recognisable is left of his former

character except his courage and *gaucherie*, alike indomitable, the story is here told with an unadorned sincerity which makes amends for the absence of many more cheaply attractive qualities. To literary graces Mr. HARRISON makes no pretence, and what plot he employs is only designed perfunctorily for the better illustration of his hero's strength of character. Thus, the identification of his villainous parent in the harmless pedagogue who shared his boarding-house can be foreseen whole leagues away. It is in the author's fidelity to detail that the attraction of his book is found. True, one might doubt whether a man like *Queed*, so ignorant of his fellow-creatures, could ever have been fitted to control a great newspaper. But things may be different in Richmond (Va.); and, anyhow, no link in the chain of argument is shirked.

A certain note of provincialism in the writer gives reality to his treatment of a provincial theme; he is, for instance, clearly unconscious of the rather second-rate quality of his women-folk when he shows them dressed in their best frocks and out for conquest. The repellent material out of which he develops his admirable hero invites comparison with Miss MAY SINCLAIR's masterpiece, *The Divine Fire*; but the comparison must be unfavourable to Mr. HARRISON, whose book lacks the colour of high romance and imagination. But, as a faithful study of the not very picturesque milieu which he sets out to portray, it has qualities too fine and brave to be ignored.

Just why Mr. S. R. CROCKETT named his novel *The Lady of the*

Hundred Dresses (NASH) I cannot imagine, for the real heroine of the story had a very limited wardrobe. At first I thought (and hoped) that the author was going to thrill me with robberies and deeds of violence. But, although a rather dashing jewel-thief turned up at various opportune moments and killed a few people, both he—and all the other characters—were gradually pushed to the back of the stage by Miss Allison (from Dunfermline), who is described with recognisable accuracy as a "perfectly adequate young female." On the penultimate page of the book we read, "And if her adventures and daring speech be as much tasted by the public as by the present chronicler, he will set them forth more at length." So those who have a liking for "perfectly adequate young females" may live in the hope of hearing more of Miss Allison. For my own part, however, I am prepared to wish her a solemn farewell; indeed, I think that Mr. CROCKETT would have written an infinitely more intriguing book if he had allowed the murderous jewel-thief to dispose of this lassie before she had got thoroughly set and going.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

VIII.—A MASTER OF TRINITY HOUSE SUPERINTENDING THE BUILDING OF A LIGHTHOUSE.